

January 35, 1986 Reunion  
Song Book - Eighth Air Force

Sixty-eight page songbook, not included in a binder.

Title: January 35, 1986 Reunion Song Book

Branch of Service: U.S. Air Force

Publisher: The Eighth Air Force Historical Society, California Chapter

Source: Gretz Collection

Notes: Includes cover page, introduction (1 page), and copies of song texts  
Sixty-eight pages copied on both sides.  
from various sources. Total of ~~sixty-eight~~ pages.



**The Eighth Air Force Historical Society**  
CALIFORNIA CHAPTER

**JANUARY 25, 1986 REUNION**

**SONG BOOK**

"THE EIGHTH AIR FORCE...ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS MILITARY ORGANIZATIONS IN HISTORY"  
Roger Freeman

## INTRODUCTION

Music has always been a part of the heritage of the American Armed Forces, from Valley Forge to the Red River Valley of Vietnam. Music became an important part of the Air Force since its earliest days, and particularly in World War I. In those days, the U. S. Army Air Service had to "borrow" most of the songs from either the British or the Army ground forces or the Navy. Just before WW II, the Army Air Corps came into its own as far as music was concerned, and, of course, WW II brought forth all of the musical talent of the vastly expanded service--which became the U. S. Army Air Force in 1943.

Group singing is fun. It creates a comradery that transcends differences between people -- a great leveler. It loosens inhibitions and makes the "old fuddy-dud" into a real swinger. In keeping with the nostalgia of the occasion, the songs selected for the reunion sing-a-long are familiar tunes that were popular during WW II. Your sing-a-long maestro, Bill Getz, has included copies of the original pages from one of the early Air Force song books, **AIR FORCE AIRS**, published by the Air Force Aid Society in 1943 (with an introduction by General Hap Arnold). In most cases, the songs include the music score (piano) for those of you who play an instrument. To help some of us whose eyes are a little dimmer, the lyrics of some songs have also been reprinted in larger type. Enjoy.

# I'VE GOT SIXPENCE

BRITISH AIR CADET VERSION

# 3

Word and Music  
BOX, COX and HALL

**Marziale**

E♭

*mf* I've got six-pence, jol-ly, jol-ly six-pence,

F9

B♭7

Fm7 B♭7

I've got six-pence to last me all my life. I've got

E♭

E♭7

A♭

C7

Fm

Fm7

tup-pence to spend and tup-pence to lend and

B♭7

E♭

B♭7

E♭

tup-pence to send home to my wife, Poor wife. No

B♭7

E♭

E♭

A♭

cares have I to grieve me, No pretty, lit-tle

(1) MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish rose,  
The sweetest flower that grows.  
You may search everywhere,  
But none can compare  
With my wild Irish rose.

My wild Irish rose,  
The dearest flower that grows,  
And someday for my sake,  
She may let me take,  
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

(2) MY WILD EYED CADET

(Tune: *My Wild Irish Rose*)

My wild eyed cadet,  
He aint't learned nothing yet.  
He noses her down,  
When close to the ground,  
My wild eyed cadet.

He slips in his banks,  
If he lives we'll all give thanks,  
I hear drums beating low,  
And men marching slow,  
Behind my wild eyed cadet.

#7

COPILOT'S LAMENT

(Tune: *Sweet Betsy From Pike*)

I'm the copilot, I sit on the right,  
I'm quick and courageous, and  
wonderfully bright.  
My job is remembering what the Captain  
forgets,  
I never talk back so I have no regrets.  
I'm just a copilot and a long way from  
home.

I make out the flight plan and study  
the weather,

I pull up the gear and standby to  
feather.

I clean out his mailbox and file his  
reports,  
And I fly the old crate to the tune  
of his snores.

I'm just a copilot and a long way from  
home.

I make out the flight plan according to  
Hoyle,

I take all the readings, I check on the  
oil.

I hustle him out for the midnight alarm  
I fly through the fog while he sleeps  
on my arm.

I'm just a copilot and a long way from  
home.

I treat him to coffee, I buy him his  
cokes.

I laugh at his corn and his horrible  
jokes.

And once in awhile when his landings  
are rusty,

I come thorugh with, Yes, sireee, it  
sure is gusty.

I'm just a copilot and a long way from  
home.

# THE TROOP SHIP—BLESS 'EM ALL

BRITISH AIR CADET SONG

# 4

Words and Music by  
JIMMY HUGHES  
FRANK LAKE  
AL STILLMAN

Brightly

They *mf* say there's a troop-ship just

leaving Bom-bay, Bound for old Blight-y's shore, Heav-i-ly

la-den with time-expired men, Bound for the land they a-dore. There's

man-y an air-man just finish-ing his time, there's man-y a "twiro" sign-ing

F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b7</sub> F<sub>m7</sub> B<sub>b7</sub> E<sub>b</sub> F<sub>b7</sub>

A<sub>b</sub> F<sub>m</sub> F<sub>m7</sub> B<sub>b7</sub> E<sub>b</sub> A<sub>b</sub> E<sub>b</sub> A<sub>b</sub> E<sub>b</sub>

**Refrain**

B<sub>b7</sub> F<sub>m7</sub> B<sub>b7</sub> E<sub>b</sub>

F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b7</sub> F<sub>m</sub> B<sub>b7</sub> E<sub>b</sub> E<sub>b7</sub> E<sub>b+</sub> A<sub>b</sub> C<sub>7</sub>

F<sub>m</sub> F<sub>m7</sub> B<sub>b7</sub>

1. E<sub>b</sub> Adim B<sub>b7</sub>

2. E<sub>b</sub> A<sub>b</sub> E<sub>b</sub>

#5

# SPIRIT OF THE AIR CORPS

(from Paramount Picture "I Wanted Wings")

Words and Music by  
WILLIAM J. CLINCH

Marcia con spirito



G7 Dm7 G7

C.

Cdim

G7 Dm7 G7

In - to the

air,  
handsAr - my  
on theAir Corps!  
throt - tieGive 'er the  
as we allCopyright, 1941, by Major J. Clinch. Used by permission of Broadcast Music Inc.,  
580 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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G G G      G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>      G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> B<sup>7</sup>  
 on, You'll get no pro - motion this side of the o - cean so cheer up my

Dm G<sup>7</sup> Cdim C C      C C C      C C C      C C  
 lads, bless 'em all. Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, The long and the

C<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F A<sup>7</sup> Dm      G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> F G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>      G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
 short and the tall, Bless all the ser - geants and Dou - ble you O - ones,

D<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> B<sup>m</sup> D<sup>7</sup>      G<sup>7</sup> F<sup>6</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>      C C C      C C  
 bless all the cor - rals and their blink-in' sons, for we're say-ing good - bye to them

C C C G<sup>7</sup> C C C<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> F A<sup>7</sup> Dm      G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>  
 all, As back to their bil - lets they crowd, You'll get no pro -

G<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>6</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Fm<sup>6</sup> G<sup>7</sup> Cdim C C  
 motion this side of the o - cean, so cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.



# COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR CORPS

Arranged by  
ESTHER S. CASE

Words by  
ROLAND BIRNN

**Allegro moderato**

C C G7 C C7 F C G7 C

*mf*  
Come on and join the Air Corps, stud - y hard and get your fly - ing soon grow old and

G7 C G7 D<sup>#</sup>dim C C Caug G7

pay, blind, You You won't have to work at all but loaf a - round all never, never

1. C C E7 F A7 Dm D<sup>#</sup>dim C G7

day While mind. Nev - er mind, nev - er mind,

C C C C G7 C C G7 C

Come on and join the Air Corps, and you will nev - er mind.

Words by permission of Roland Birnn.

Musical score for "When You Hear Our Last Flight" featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and includes lyrics: "blue sod When you hear our last flight is singin' o - ver,". The bottom staff uses a bass clef and includes lyrics: "sod Then, when our last flight is singin' o - ver,". Chords indicated above the staff are G, Guitar tacet, G7, Dm7, G7, G9, C, and Am.

A musical score for a vocal and guitar piece. The vocal part is in soprano clef, and the bass part is in bass clef. The vocal line includes lyrics such as "And our steel props start to whine," "And we meet our fly-ing boss," and "you can bet the the." The piano accompaniment features chords in C, G7, C, G7, C7, F, A7, Dm, and a section labeled "Guitar tacet Dm7" with a curved arrow pointing to the vocal line. The bass line provides harmonic support throughout.

B7 Cdim C G7 C Em Cm D7 G7

Ar - my is Air clear, Corps men, is a long from O - ri - on fight to ing the  
air is clear, men, from O - ri - on the fight to ing the

Musical score for "We have our cross." The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for a treble clef instrument and includes lyrics. The bottom staff is for a bass clef instrument. The key signature changes from C major to A minor (Am6) and then to G major (G7). The lyrics "line." and "We have our cross." are written below the notes.

2. Our pilots do a lot of stunts  
And do them well, of course;  
And if you think that isn't hard,  
Just try to loop a horse.  
Our air mechanics have more brains  
Than generals of the line,  
But don't get sore, just join the corps,  
And you will never mind.

CHORUS:

Never mind, never mind:  
Come on and join the Air Corps,  
And you will never mind.

3. Come on and get promoted  
As high as you desire,  
You're riding on the gravy train  
When you're an army flyer.  
But just when you're about to be  
A general, you find  
That your motors cough and your wings fall off  
But you will never mind.

CHORUS.

4. You're flying O'er the ocean  
And then from where you sit,  
You see your prop come to a stop  
Your engine it has quit.  
You cannot swim, the ship won't float,  
The shore is miles behind,  
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish,  
But you will never mind.

CHORUS.

5. You're flying on cross-country,  
The fog comes all around;  
There's ice at fifteen hundred feet  
And snowdrifts on the ground.  
You curse the day you learned to fly  
With care your face is lined,  
But you use your dome and bring her home,  
And then you never mind.

CHORUS.

6. Come on and join the Air Corps  
And think your skill is good,  
Until you start blind flying tricks,  
Beneath a canvas hood.  
You fly her toward the mountains  
With a lookout man behind,  
He gives a shout and bails right out,  
But you will never mind.

CHORUS.

7. They send you down to — — Field  
And keep you there for years,  
And if you try to bellyache  
They pin back both your ears.  
Oh, — — Field's a lousy place  
As you will quickly find.  
But I don't care, I'm leaving there,  
And so I never mind.

CHORUS.

8. Come on and join the Air Corps  
And never take a dare,  
If someone bets there's any stunt  
You can't do in the air.  
Just show the boys how hot you are,  
And while they stand behind,  
You just be bold, while they grow old,  
And they will never mind.

CHORUS.

#8

## FLIGHT SECTION W

(1) **WALTZING MATILDA**  
(Tune: Original)

NOTE: A 19th Century, Australian bush song that almost became their National Anthem in the 1970's! It lost to another entry only because the words to the original song are so well-known and the story is about a "jolly swagman", which is a hobo in Australian slang! (Some say it means "robber"). Nevertheless, this haunting melody has been a favorite around the world, and no military song collection would be complete without it. There are a few differences from the versions in most of the Air Force songbooks, but this version is "pure Australian" and comes from neighbors of the Editor's, Alex and Ann Karas, with the Australian Consulate in San Francisco (1981).

Definitions:

Swagman: A hobo (robber?)

Billabong: a water hole or stream

Waltzing Matilda: carrying a bundle on a stick.

Jumbuck: a small lamb.

Tuckerbag: small bag.

Coolibah tree: Eucalyptus tree

Billy: stew

Squatter: landowner - cattleman

**WALTZING MATILDA**

Once a jolly swagman camped by  
a billabong,  
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,  
And he sang as he sat and waited till  
his billy boiled,  
"Who'll come a-waltzing, Matilda  
with me?"

**CHORUS (repeat after each verse)**

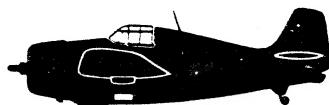
"Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,  
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda  
with me?"

And he sang as he watched and waited  
till his billy boiled,  
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda  
with me?"

Along came a jumbuck to drink at  
the billabong,  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed  
him with glee.  
And he sang as he stuffed that jumbuck  
in his tuckerbag,  
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda  
with me."

Up rode the squatter, mounted on  
his thoroughbred,  
Up rode the troopers, one, two, three:  
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got  
in your tuckerbag?  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into  
the billabong.  
"You'll never take me alive", said he.  
And his ghost may be heard as you pass  
by that billabong,  
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda  
with me?"



GRUMMAN F4F  
"WILDCAT"  
FIGHTER